**LOLA FLORES:AY PENA, PENITA PENA**

**Biography**

[](http://www.google.es/url?sa=i&rct=j&q=&esrc=s&frm=1&source=images&cd=&cad=rja&docid=LdUavnLoZ5YjFM&tbnid=h57U5EfIPUIo8M:&ved=0CAUQjRw&url=http://neonmusic.webcindario.com/biografias/lolaflores/index.html&ei=ZhVCUd7VN46yhAfn3IGgBg&bvm=bv.43287494,d.ZG4&psig=AFQjCNFwZP3Gejwo31oR-q_b8RDStx09Uw&ust=1363371718362003)Lola Flores was born in Jerez de la Frontera (Cádiz) in 1923 and she died in Alcobedas (Madrid) in 1995. She was married to the singer Antonio González called “El Pescaílla” (“*The Small Hake*”). Lola Flores unfortunately died of a breast cancer and was buried in the “Cementerio de la Almudena” (“Cemetery of the Almudena”) in Madrid. His son died fourteen days after the death of his mother.

**Lyrics**

**Ah pena, penita, pena**

Si en el firmamento poder yo tuviera,

esta noche negra lo mismo que un pozo,

con un cuchillito de luna lunera,

cortaría los hierros de tu calabozo.

Si yo fuera reina de la luz del día,

del viento y del mar,

cordeles de esclava yo me ceñiría

por tu libertad.

Estribillo

¡Ay, pena, penita, pena -pena-,

pena de mi corazón,

que me corre por las venas -pena-

con la fuerza de un ciclón!

Es lo mismo que un nublado

de tiniebla y pedernal.

Es un potro desbocado

que no sabe dónde va.

Es un desierto de arena -pena-,

es mi gloria en un penal.

¡Ay, penal! ¡Ay, penal!

¡Ay, pena, penita, pena!

Yo no quiero flores, dinero, ni palmas,

quiero que me dejen llorar tus pesares

y estar a tu vera, cariño del alma,

bebiéndome el llanto de tus soleares.

Me duelen los ojos de mirar sin verte,

reniego de mí,

que tienen la culpa de tu mala suerte

mis rosas de abril.

**Ah! pity, little pity,pity**

I could have power

This dark night the same in a well,

With a knife of the moony moon

I’d cut the metals of your jails.

If I was the queen of daylight

Of the wind and the sea,

Slavery threads. I would lighten, for your liberty.

Chorus

Ah! pity, little pity, pity, pity,

Pity of my heart,

Which flows through my veins, pity

Whit the power of a cyclone!

It is de same as a cloudy sky

With fog and flint.

Is a horse overflowed

They don’t know they go.

In a deserted in the sand, pity,

Is my glory in my penality

Ah!, pity! Ah, pity!

Ah, pity, little pity, pity!

I don’t want flowers, money and palms,

I want to let me mourn your thinks

and be at your side, dear soul,

drinking the crying of your soleares.

It hurts my eyes to look without seeing,

disown me,

who is to blame for your bad luck

my April roses.

**Reviews**

We can hear an orchestra playing while she sings her song.

As for tempo we can say that it is moderato.

This song is about a woman whose boyfriend is in prison.

As far as time is concerned, we can say that is duple time.

In my opinion, I don’t like this song because I don’t like this music style called “copla”. However she had a very good voice!